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1942-05-27, George to Family

George V. Tudor

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Tudor, George V., "1942-05-27, George to Family" (1942). *Series 1. Correspondence from George Tudor*. 48.

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1942-05-27, George to Family

Keywords

1942-05-27, Forgotten Boys, Poetry, Poem

Identifier

2015-083-w-r_Tudor_WWII_1942-05-27



SECOND MARINE DIVISION

May 27, 1942
6:00 P.M.

Hello Folks;

Am really tired to nite. They had us out in the woods all day and we were practicing defensive and offensive tactics.

Drew some more clothes today. Didn't get any more shirts or pants but I will get them when they come in. My sea bag is jammed full of clothes now and I have more clothes on seven hangers. Don't know how I will ever pack it if we have to move in a hurry. Have four pair of shoes and have one more pair coming. They sure try to keep us equipped as good as they can.

Have to get my gear in shape because the General is coming to our camp to morrow and after his inspection there will be a ceremony at which time our flag pole will be dedicated. They took our roster yesterday for

identification tags and I am the number
one man in the first squad of the first
platoon in Company D. Kind of complicated
isn't it.

Am enclosing a poem that a fellow
in our platoon wrote while we had a
rest period on a very hot day. He was in
a blue mood when he wrote it as you can
see. He is a preacher's son. Our officers got
quite a kick out of it. Hope that you enjoy
it also.

If this letter reaches you before you
send that package please enclose the
prismatic compass that I gave to Eddie.
There is a shortage of them now and
we only have one in our company where
we should have at least twelve. It
may prove to ~~be~~ be very valuable
some day.

Haven't heard from Lee us yet
but then I'm not giving her time to
make her mind up.

Will tell you about my trip
to Los Angeles, Friday, I was
swell.

If there is any thing you would
like to know just write and ask
me.

So Long
George



SECOND MARINE DIVISION

"FORGOTTEN BOYS"

OUT IN THE WIND SWEEP PLAINS
AND WHAT A HELLOF A SPOT
FIGHTING THE TERRIBLE DUST STORMS
IN THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT.

OUT IN THE BUSHES WITH OUR MACHINE GUNS,
DOWN IN THE DITCHES WITH OUR PICKS
DOING THE WORK OF A NEGRO
AND TO DAMN TIRED TO KICK

UP NEAR THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAINS
UP WHERE A MAN FEELS BLUE
UP NEAR THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAINS
A THOUSAND MILES FROM YOU

AT NIGHT THE WIND KEEPS HOWLING
IT'S MORE THAN A MAN CAN STAND
HELL NO! WE'RE NOT CONVICTS
WE'RE DEFENDERS OF OUR LAND

WE'RE LIVING FOR TOMORROW
ONLY TO SEE OUR GALS
HOPING THAT WHEN WE RETURN
THEY'RE NOT MARRIED TO OUR PALS

✕
WE'RE THE DEVIL DOG MARINES
DRAWING OUR MEAGER PAY
GUARDING WALL STREET, MILLIONS
FOR SEVENTY CENTS A DAY.

✕
NO ONE KNOWS WE'RE LIVING,
AND NO ONE GIVES A DAMN
BACK HOME WE'RE SOON FORGOTTEN
WE BELONG TO UNCLE SAM.

✕
HOW LONG CAN WE STAND IT
THESE YEARS FROM OUR LIVES, WE'LL MISS
BOYS DON'T LET THE MARINES GET YOU
AND FOR GOD'S SAKE DON'T REENLIST
"PATRICK HUGO JONES"
"

WRITTEN AT CAMP LINDA VISTA
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA.

MAY 17, 1942